I that did euer in aboundance dwell,
for me to want, exceeds the throwes of hel.

Enters his little ſonne with a top and a ſcourge,

Son. What aile you father, are you not well, I can=
not ſcourge my top as long as you ſtand ſo: you take
vp all the roome with your wide legs, puh you can=
not make mee afeard with this, I feare no vizards, nor
bugbeares.

Huſb, takes vp the childe by the skirts of his long coate in one hand and drawes his dag=ger with th'other.

Hu. Vp ſir, for heer thou haſt no inheritance left.

Sonne. Oh what will you do father, I am your white boie.

Hu. Thou ſhalt be my red boie, take that. *ſtrikes him*

Son: Oh you hurt me father.

Hu. My eldeſt beggar: thou ſhalt not liue to aſke an
vſurer bread, to crie at a great mans gate, or followe
good your honour by a Couch, no, nor your brother
tis charity to braine you.

Son. How ſhall I learne now my heads broke?

Hu. Bleed bleed rather then beg beg? *ſtabs him.*
be not thy names diſgrace:
Spurne thou thy fortunes firſt if they be baſe:
Come view thy ſecond brother: fates,
My childrens bloud ſhall ſpin into your faces,
you ſhall ſee.
How Confidently we ſcorne beggery?

Exit with his Sonne. *En=*